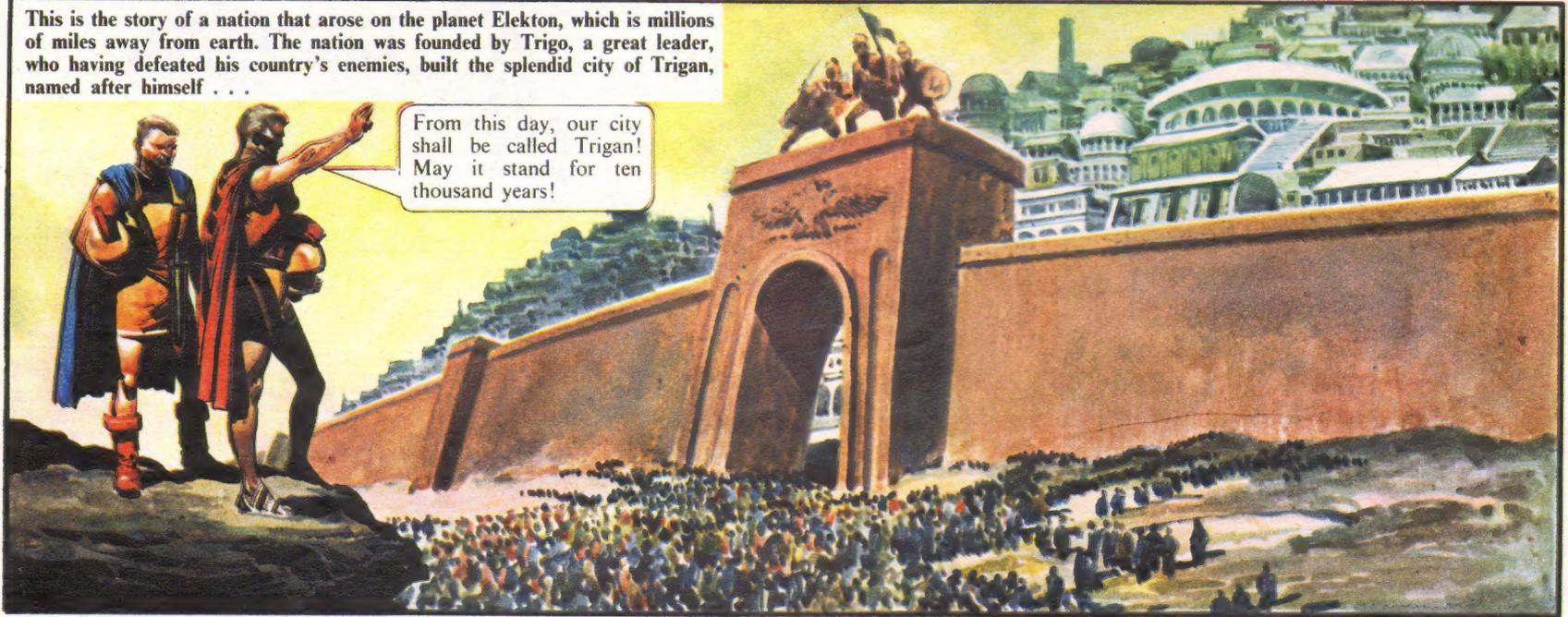


Trigo's nephew, Janno, thirsts for adventure—and it comes his way sooner than he expected.

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

This is the story of a nation that arose on the planet Elekton, which is millions of miles away from earth. The nation was founded by Trigo, a great leader, who having defeated his country's enemies, built the splendid city of Trigan, named after himself . . .



From this day, our city shall be called Trigan! May it stand for ten thousand years!

Later that day a young boy was seen climbing the towering monument that had been erected to the memory of those who had died in the recent war.



It's Trigo's nephew Janno!

That wild one . . . he'll be killed as sure as fate!

Trigo and his brother Brag gazed up at the boy, and the leader gave a wry smile.

The young hot-head. I'll thrash him when he gets down.

You were the same at his age, Brag . . . forever at some wild prank. What Janno needs is an outlet for his adventurous spirit, and I think I have the answer.



When the boy had returned to the ground, Trigo took him to the new city's six atmosphere craft.

How would you like to learn to fly, Janno?

More than anything in the world, uncle.



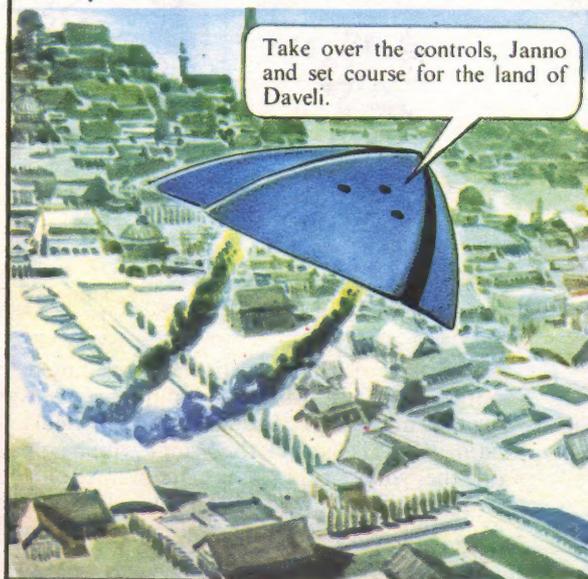
Trigo introduced his nephew to a veteran flyer . . .



Zufio, I want you to take my nephew in hand and teach him all you know about piloting and navigation!

Very good, Trigo. We will begin the first lesson tomorrow.

Next day one of the craft rose grandly into the air above the city.



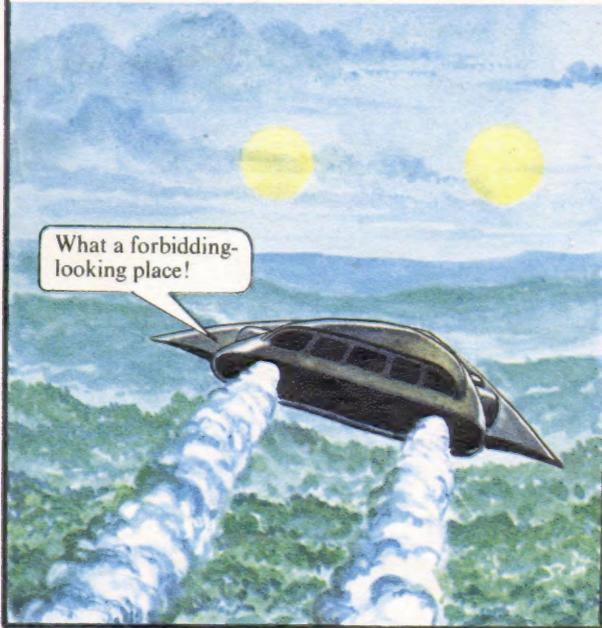
Take over the controls, Janno and set course for the land of Daveli.

Janno steered the craft as his instructor had shown him.



Now, keep one eye on your controls, and one on your navigating screen, and you will see the jungle of Daveli appear.

The twin suns of Elekton were dipping towards the horizon when the craft came in sight of a vast expanse of green below. And soon it was flying over a dense jungle.



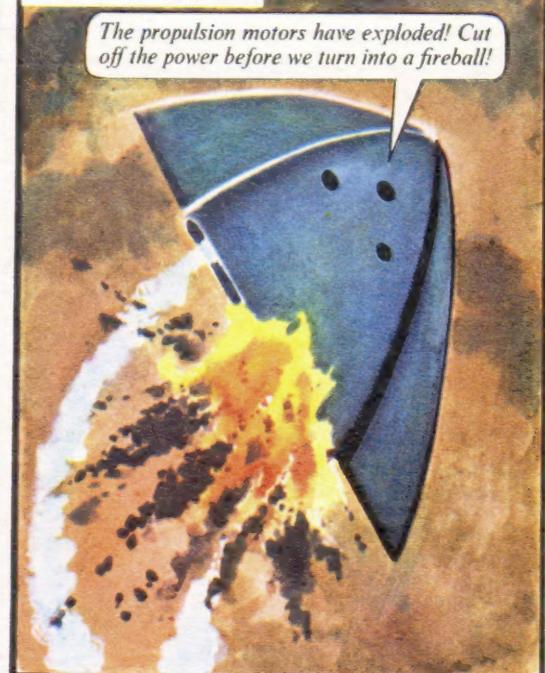
What a forbidding-looking place!

Daveli was untrodden land which was feared by all the people of the planet Elekton. Even brave Zufio shuddered as he looked down.



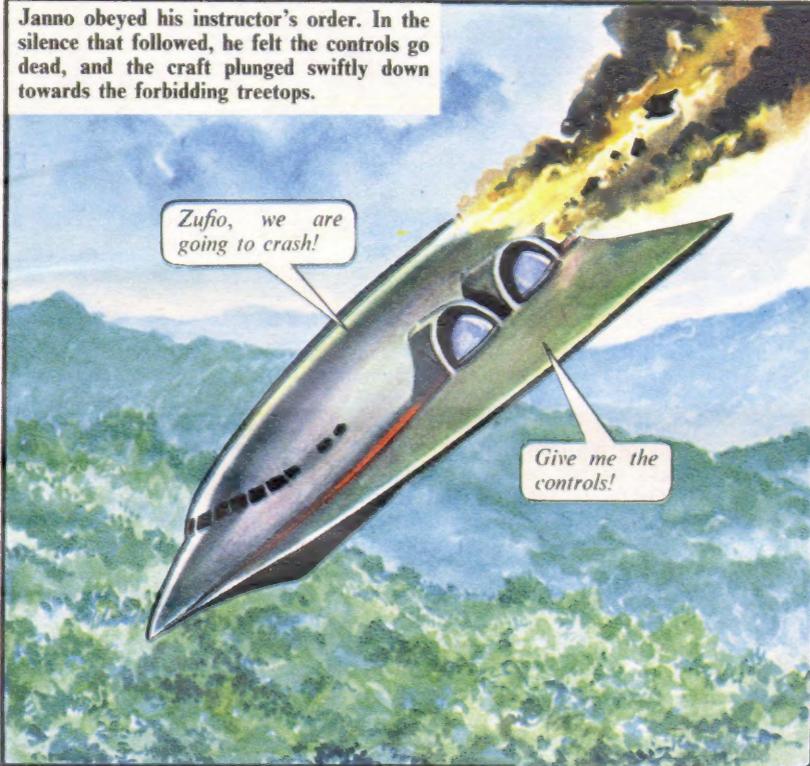
I could tell you tales of Daveli that would freeze the blood in your veins. Turn about, Janno your lesson is over for today. Let's get away from here.

And then—it happens!



The propulsion motors have exploded! Cut off the power before we turn into a fireball!

Janno obeyed his instructor's order. In the silence that followed, he felt the controls go dead, and the craft plunged swiftly down towards the forbidding treetops.



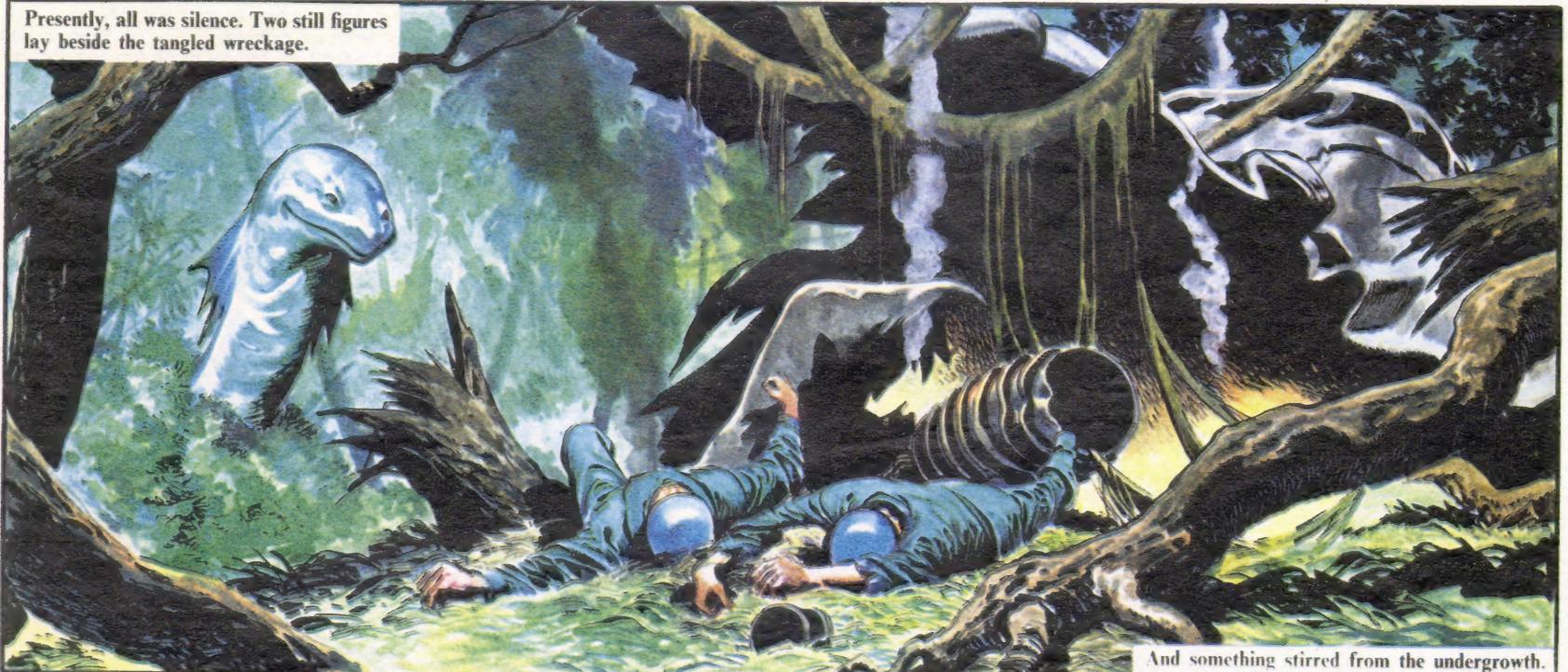
Zufio, we are going to crash!

Give me the controls!

Instants later, even with Zufio's expert hands at the controls, the craft plunged through the dense treetops and tore itself to pieces in a trail of flame and tortured metal.



Presently, all was silence. Two still figures lay beside the tangled wreckage.



And something stirred from the undergrowth.

Undreamed-of dangers face the stricken flyers—and hope of rescue is slight!

Janno is captured by the savage men of Daveli—men who practise human sacrifice!

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno, the nephew of Trigo the leader of the Vorgs, has crashed in the forbidding jungle of Daveli while on a training flight with his instructor Zufio . . .

Janno recovered consciousness and raised his head to see a fearsome pair of eyes glaring down upon him.



By the stars . . . one of the monsters of Daveli!

An instant later, the uncanny notes of a strange horn echoed through the silence of the jungle. And the huge reptile turned its hideous head, obediently, towards the sound.

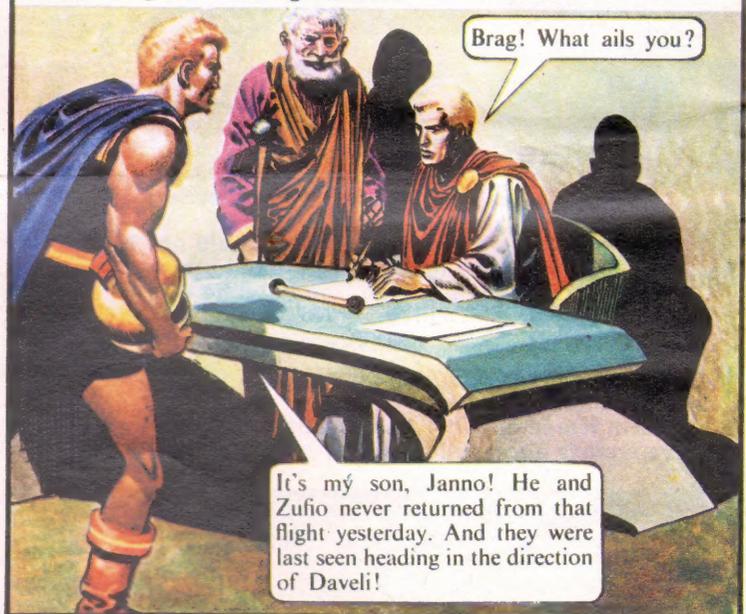


As if at an order, the reptile glided silently away into the dense undergrowth. And then Janno and his unconscious companion were surrounded by a ring of bright spear points.



What . . . what do you want?

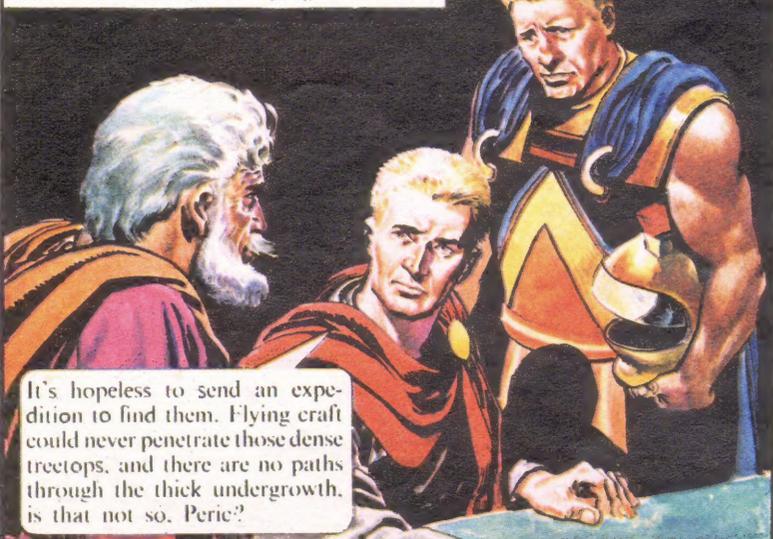
Back in the city of Trigan next morning, Trigo had an early visitor. His brother Brag arrived with grave news.



Brag! What ails you?

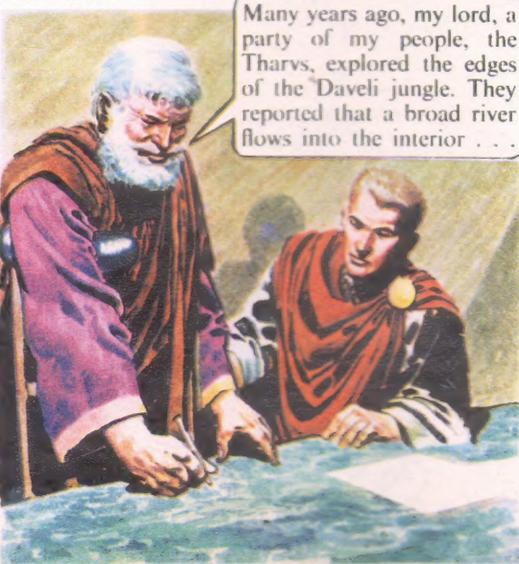
It's my son, Janno! He and Zufio never returned from that flight yesterday. And they were last seen heading in the direction of Daveli!

Trigo's face clouded. He was fond of his nephew, and he knew that there was little hope of ever seeing the boy again.

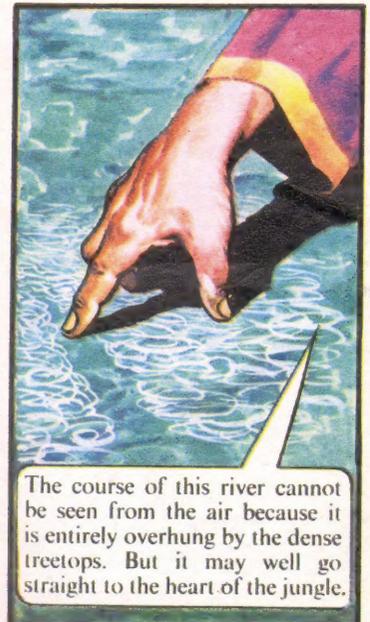


It's hopeless to send an expedition to find them. Flying craft could never penetrate those dense treetops, and there are no paths through the thick undergrowth, is that not so, Peric?

Peric the wise old man of Tharv pondered deeply. And then . . .



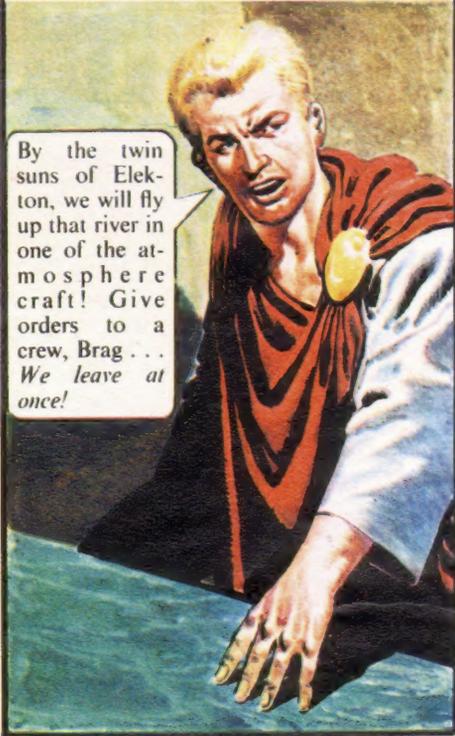
Many years ago, my lord, a party of my people, the Tharvs, explored the edges of the Daveli jungle. They reported that a broad river flows into the interior . . .



The course of this river cannot be seen from the air because it is entirely overhung by the dense treetops. But it may well go straight to the heart of the jungle.

A daring plan formed in Trigo's quicksilver mind.

By the twin suns of Elekton, we will fly up that river in one of the atmosphere craft! Give orders to a crew, Brag... We leave at once!



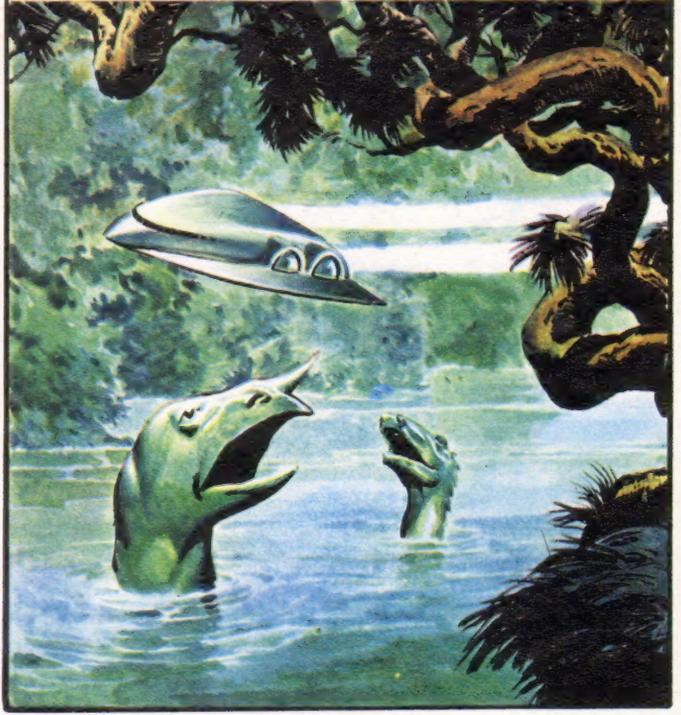
Some hours later with Trigo, Brag and Peric aboard a lone atmosphere craft flew low towards the forbidding jungle of Daveli.

See, my lord, the river enters the jungle through a tunnel in the trees and undergrowth.

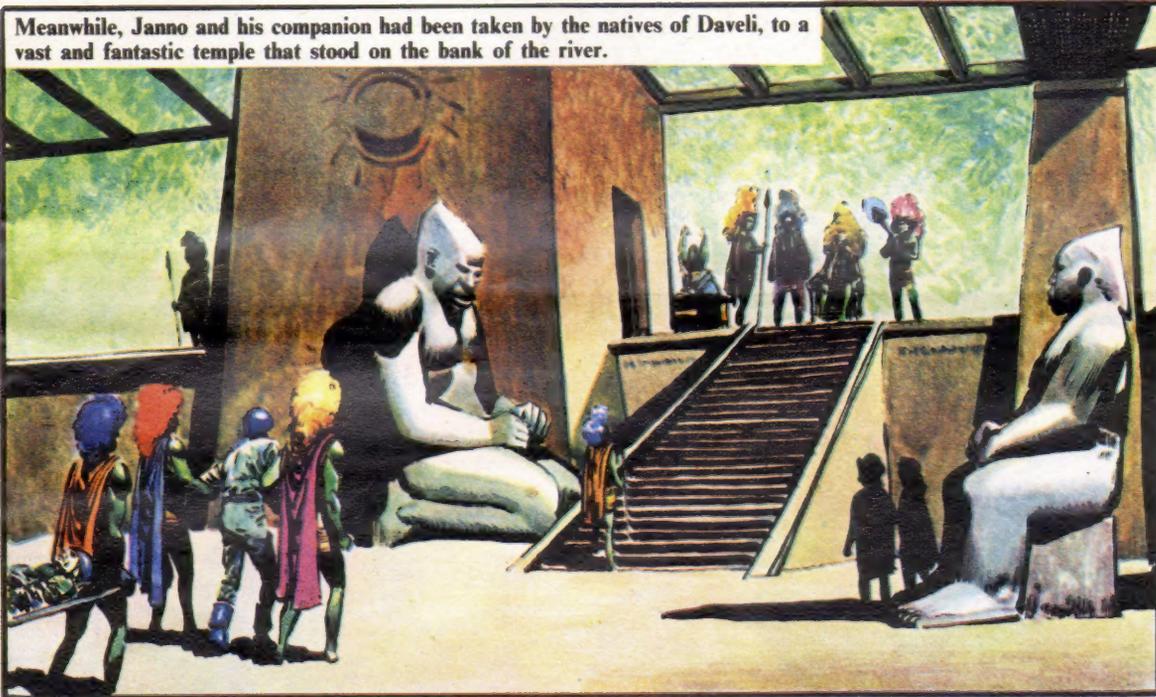
Your Tharv explorers spoke the truth, Peric. Head straight for the entrance, pilot!



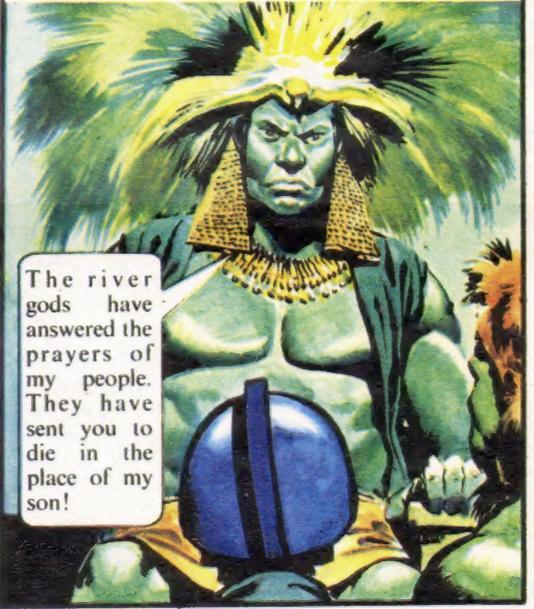
Soon they were flying over the surface of the river, with the tree-tops forming a ceiling overhead. And they saw some of the legendary monsters of Daveli.



Meanwhile, Janno and his companion had been taken by the natives of Daveli, to a vast and fantastic temple that stood on the bank of the river.



Janno was brought face-to-face with a forbidding figure who addressed him in the universal language of the planet Elekton.



The river gods have answered the prayers of my people. They have sent you to die in the place of my son!

The ruler pointed to where a young boy lay upon an altar, surrounded by weeping women.

You shall be sacrificed to the creatures of the river... and my son shall live!



The ruler uttered a harsh order and Janno was dragged to the river's edge.

Let the sacrifice be carried out!



With his rescuers flying towards the temple at top speed Janno is about to die—sacrificed to the river monsters!

In the forbidden jungle Trigo fights for his life with the leader of Daveli!

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno, the nephew of Trigo the leader of the Vorgs, has crashed in the forbidding jungle of Daveli while on a training flight with his instructor Zufio. The boy is about to be sacrificed to the river monsters by the natives of Daveli, because they believe a sacrifice will save their leader's fever-stricken son.

Suddenly, the air was filled with a roaring sound, and a gleaming silver shape hurtled over the surface of the river to where Janno stood. His captors turned and fled with superstitious terror.



The natives of Daveli scattered before the silver monster, leaving their ruler, alone and holding his war-club, to guard his unconscious son.



It was an atmosphere craft which had come to search for the lost crew. Great was Janno's joy to see his father Brag, and his uncle Trigo descend.



Then they turned to see a fearsome figure charging straight at them with war-club upraised.



Trigo grappled with the attacker. His powerful hands checked the down-swinging club.

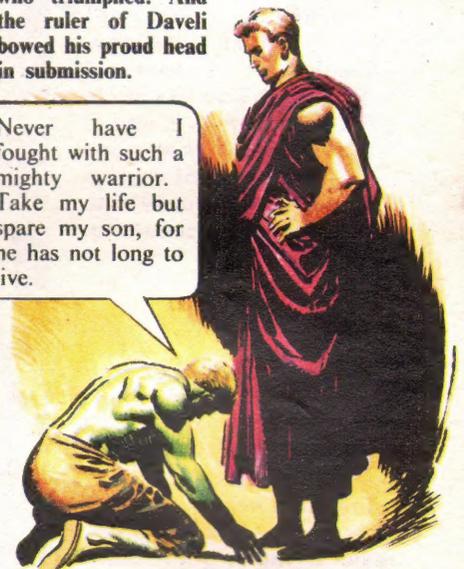


Then began a duel of supermen... as the leaders of Vorg and Daveli strove with all their might to defeat the other.



In the end, it was Trigo who triumphed. And the ruler of Daveli bowed his proud head in submission.

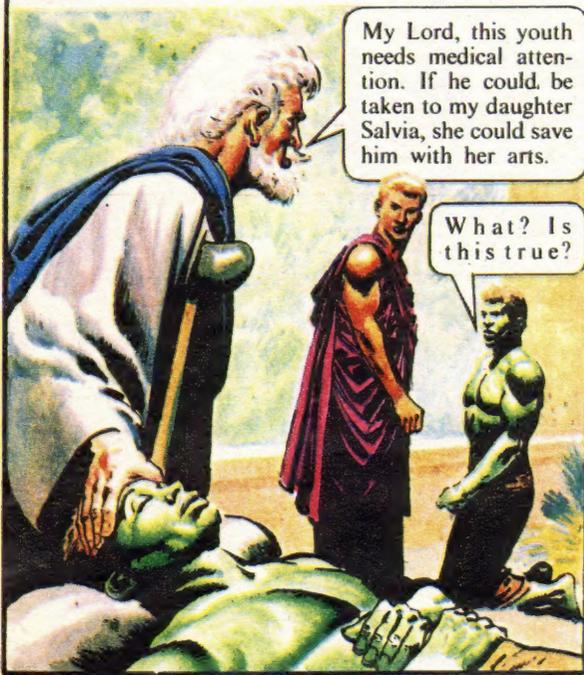
Never have I fought with such a mighty warrior. Take my life but spare my son, for he has not long to live.



Peric, the wise old man of Tharv, had been examining the unconscious boy. Turning, he called out to Trigo.

My Lord, this youth needs medical attention. If he could be taken to my daughter Salvia, she could save him with her arts.

What? Is this true?



Their eyes met . . . the two magnificent men who were leaders of their people. And there was perfect trust and understanding.

You have my word. If you will bring your son in the atmosphere craft, I promise that he will be cured, and that neither of you will be harmed.

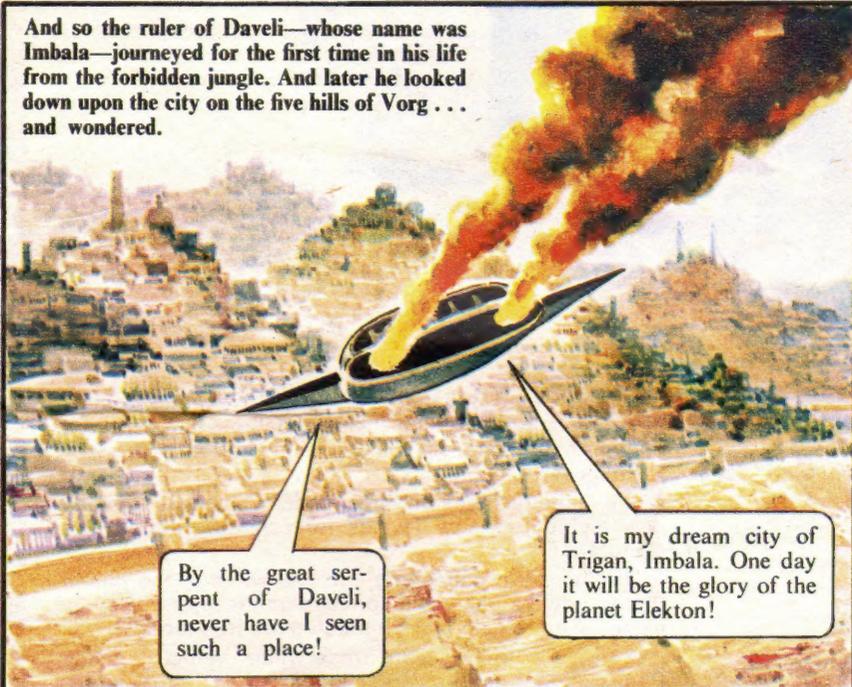
Your word is enough for me!



And so the ruler of Daveli—whose name was Imbala—journeyed for the first time in his life from the forbidden jungle. And later he looked down upon the city on the five hills of Vorg . . . and wondered.

By the great serpent of Daveli, never have I seen such a place!

It is my dream city of Trigan, Imbala. One day it will be the glory of the planet Elekton!



That night, the girl Salvia performed a skilful operation upon Imbala's son, while the two leaders looked on.

My boy!

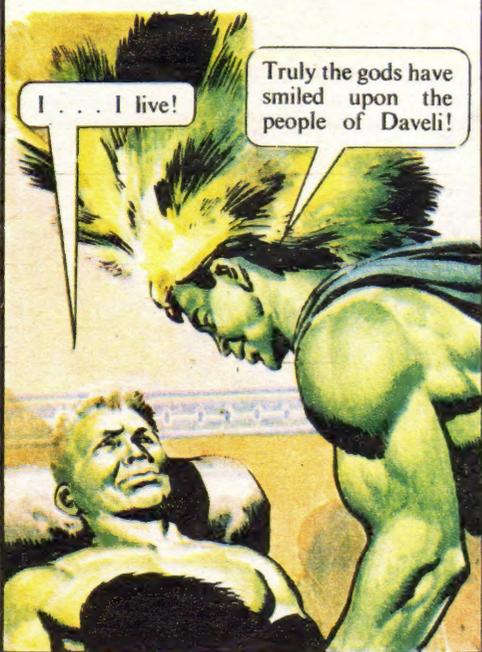
Stay where you are, Imbala! Leave the girl to do her healing work!



It was the first light of dawn that the boy's eyes opened . . . and he smiled weakly at his father.

I . . . I live!

Truly the gods have smiled upon the people of Daveli!



Before returning to Daveli, Imbala signed a solemn treaty of friendship with Trigo. And they swore blood-brotherhood till the end of their days.

We shall be allies against our enemies.

Your enemies are my enemies, and my enemies your enemies. You have but to call, and ten thousand fighting Daveli's will march under your banner!



And a great friendship was forged between Imbala's son Keren, and young Janno. The veteran pilot Zufio—none the worse for his crash—made them a promise.

I can see that I have two pupils on my hands now. And I will make pilots and navigators of the pair of you if it's the last thing I do.

To fly an atmosphere craft! That will be wonderful!



So a new era opens on the planet Elekton—with the two powerful tribes allied against their foes . . .